

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

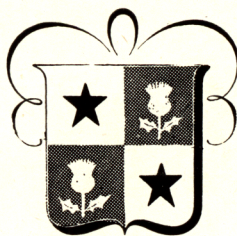
MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY



THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**“A  
Good Club Man  
is a credit to his club”**

**He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.**

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

*Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!*

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**Seaforth**  
**PASTILLES**

*In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors*

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

**BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS**



# A Light that Shone on the Horse-deck

WE read this month a story reminiscent in its plaintive note of "The Arab's Farewell To His Steed," which stirred us in our school years. It recorded the death aboard ship, en route to Australia, of an English sire, despite the care of the crew, working shifts in their limited leisure.

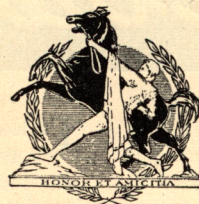
This was a drama in real life that stood out in bold relief against a sombre background of crudities and cruelties as practised by men toward men in our time—an inspiring departure promising new hope for the redemption of the world, the world of men. For had this handsome, costly blueblood been a mere moke, it would have been safe to bet that the good work would have gone on just the same.

Here was the spirit of man manifesting itself bereft of ancient animosities, uninhibited by prejudice of race or caste, uninfluenced by territorial rights, pacts or isms. Something sublime. Here, too, man beheld himself in the image of his Maker, and the Sermon on the Mount took precedent of protocols. The spiritual sublimated the material in those hours on the horse-deck dedicated to the good human deed.

History abounds with examples of man's love for the horse and the lengths occasionally to which that veneration has been carried. We have read of the Roman Emperor Caligula's making his war horse a consul and staging a feast in its honour. Horses of Alexander, Miltiades, Lysander and Napoleon loom large in history.

"The horse is a noble animal." That which we read in our school books remains a truism because of the horse's unwavering nobility. That a horse should be abandoned to die, even to suffer, is something that humans will not countenance in conscience.

All is not well with the world, but all is not lost while this light in human conduct which shone on the horse-deck of a deep-sea ship remains unextinguished and inextinguishable.



Established 14th May, 1858.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



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# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

### APRIL.

5th N. McLeod	13th O. Keysen
6th W. J. McIver	22nd J. W. Brecken-
8th G. E. Nagel	ridge
10th M. V. Gibson	23rd D. Lotherington
10th K. A. Bennett	24th H. R. McLeod
W. R. Dovey,	25th Hector Reid
K.C.	30th P. T. Kavanagh
12th C. L. Fader	

### MAY.

1st V. H. Moodie	15th J. Goldberg
John Dolden	C. S. Laurie
Ernest Lashmar	16th Dr. L. S. Loe-
3rd Roy Miller	wenthal
4th L. M. Browne	22nd De Renzie Rich
D. F. Stewart	Mr. Justice
5th W. M. Jennings	Herron
F. C. Horley	R. L. Ball
6th H. C. Bartley	26th R. B. Barnby
A. E. Coulthurst	C. R. Tarrant
7th L. P. R. Bean	J. T. Hackett
G. A. Crawford	28th Geo. Chiene
10th E. W. Abbott	30th Mr. Justice
12th D. S. Davis	Clancy
14th C. E. Blayney	A. C. Shaw
Fred Pfeiffer	31st A. B. Abel

**PADDY NOLAN** writes to Committeeman George Chiene:—

"Thanks for your Telegram of good wishes from yourself and club members. I appreciated it deeply. Please convey my good wishes to all, and I am proud to know I am not forgotten, though my hair has turned white."

(Paddy was a contemporary of such famous cross-country riders as Jack Brewer, Jim Scobie, Mr. W. S. Cox, Bob Batty, Tom Corrigan and Joe Edge, all of whom won more than one Grand National. He is the last of the line of truly great cross-country riders who followed on the exploits of Adam Lindsay Gordon.

**VISITORS** from all States who were made honorary members of this club during the racing carnival spoke highly of the courtesy and the good-fellowship with which they had been greeted.

**AFTER** the running of the All-Aged Stakes a man on the top tier of of the official stand threw his hands over his head and shouted: "Hurrah!" He was Gordon Leeds, owner of Russia.

**THE** death occurred recently of Mr. Augustus (Gus) McEvilly, who was elected a member of Tattersall's Club in 1900.

Our late member, who was born in 1861, was the youngest son of Walter McEvilly, who arrived in Australia in 1840 and became the first Parliamentary Librarian in N.S.W.

Amongst horses owned and trained by Walter McEvilly was the famous Yettendon, winner of the first Sydney Cup (1866).

The stables were situated at the rear of Parliament House, and the horses were trained on the Domain.

Gus McEvilly and his brother Ulric founded the legal firm of McEvilly and McEvilly, and also raced several horses, including God of War, Warsprite and Cock Pheasant.

The only surviving male member of the clan are our present member, Walter McEvilly, and his son.

**ACCORDING** to a club member, Russia might not have been but for a decision by Russell Brown, squire of Angle Stud. Gordon Leeds had sent three mares there to be served by Excitement, but he didn't appear to be greatly concerned as to whether one, a somewhat temperamental matron, was returned without service. Russell Brown, however, saw to the mating, and Russia resulted.

**EVEN** that section of the Randwick crowd which becomes explosive occasionally reacted chivalrously to the presence of a woman in the birdcage on a ceremonial occasion—showing that sportsmanship remains strong in the feelings of race-goers.

Appearance of Mrs. Hedberg to receive the blue ribbon after Jalna's win in the Adrian Knox Stakes—she is part-owner with Mr. E. A. Underwood, of the Victorian filly—was the signal for cheers. Again there was applause when Mr. A. G. Potter, deputising for Mrs. Hedberg, decorated the winner.

**WE** congratulate heartily our old friends of the A.J.C.—chairman, committeemen and officials—on the smooth running of the meeting—a tribute which visitors from other States supported in their conversation with sportsmen of this State.

**W. T. KERR** was in the bidding for a brother of So Sweet—he owns the mare in partnership with Percy Miller—and even went beyond the limit he had fixed, but he had to retire in favour of others.

**HOW** the women pick 'em: Club member, on his way to a social function with club friends, noticed a fire engine parked outside of his place of business. There was smoke but, fortunately, not much fire. As he mentioned the incident to his wife that evening she said: "Let's look up the programme for to-morrow and see if there's anything running with 'fire' in its name. Ah, Rimfire!" She and her lady friends backed it—and collected.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to our Club member, A. Wolfensberger, on his Doncaster win with The Diver. It took a good horse to get there in a stirring finish.

**MANY** of our club members were happy to meet West Australians George Evans, owner, and Jim Cummings, owner and breeder. Speaking of the fortunes of the racing game, Jim said that while he had won most of the big races in the West—his horses had run first and second in the Perth Cup—he had a horse, Gold Patois who had run more seconds than any horse in his memory.

**LOSS** of both legs below the knee in a minefield in France would have ended the riding days of most men.

But not Colonel Guy Jackson, Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds. Wearing artificial limbs, he hunts regularly, shows no sign of his disability.



# Adelaide Stages King's Cup

This year it is Adelaide's turn to stage the King's Cup and executive of South Australian Jockey Club has full reason to be proud of a fine nomination representing most States of the Commonwealth. Secretary Ralph Parham hopes to see many N.S.W. sportsmen at the fixture.

THE Cup will be run at Morphettville track on Saturday, May 15, third day of S.A.J.C.'s autumn fixture. It is a £2,000 event with a £100 gold Cup presented by His Majesty, and a prize keenly sought after by Australian owners. Run over a mile and a half under quality conditions (highest weight 9.5 and lowest 7 st.), first money will be £1,400 and the Cup, second £400, and third £200.

Proctor, Columnist and Victory Lad will probably represent Sydney, trainer Dan Lewis having two strings to his bow. Melbourne nominations include Fresh Boy, Lungi, Valcurl, St. Fairy, Cronides and Fine Fettle, while

Beau le Havre, New Zealand's best performer for some seasons, is a possible starter. His presence will be welcomed by Adelaide enthusiasts.

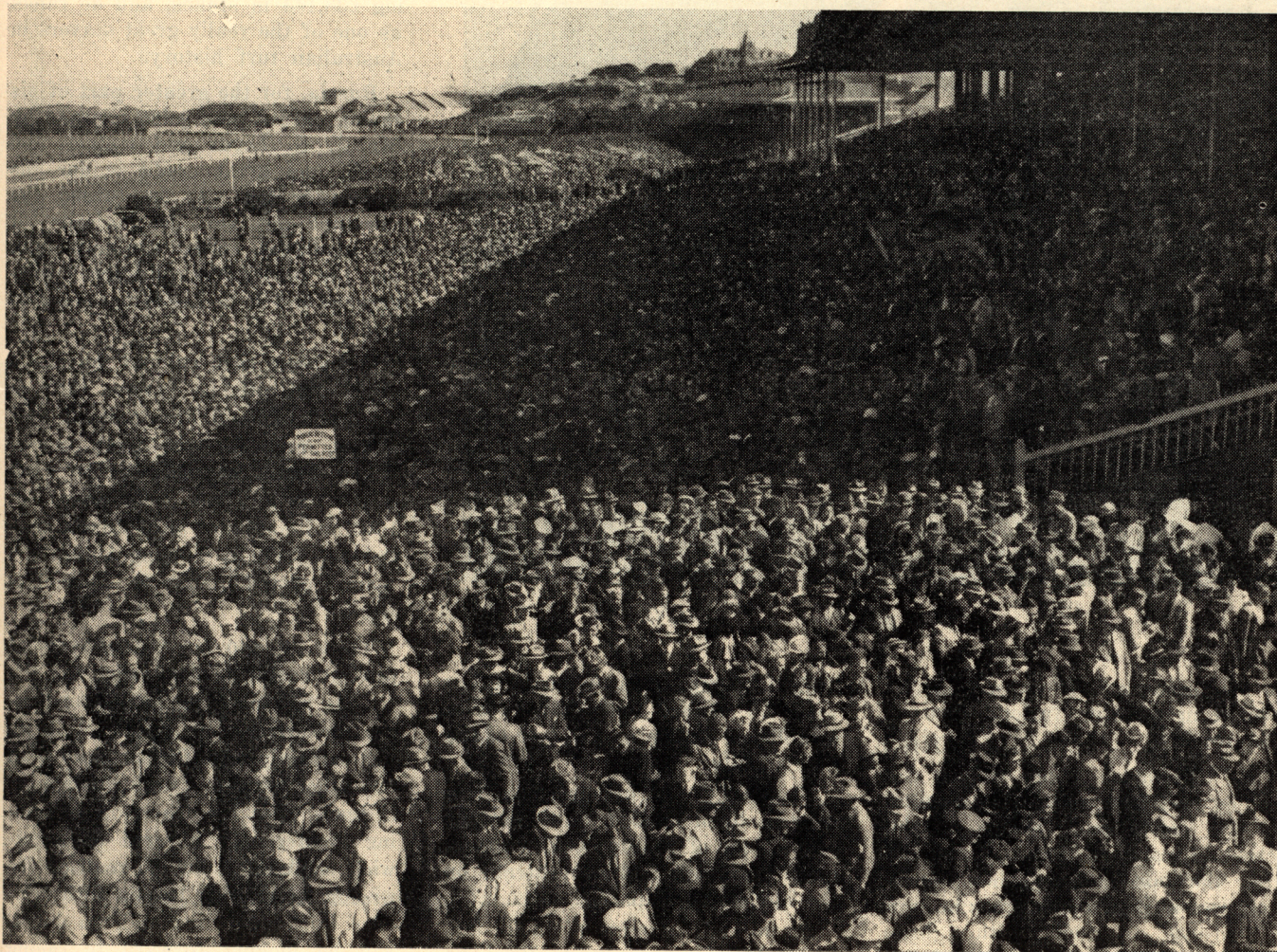
The King's Cup has been raced for on two previous occasions in Adelaide, both at Morphettville. First (1930) was won by the redoubtable Phar Lap, Australia's greatest stake winner, and the second (1936) by Donaster.

S.A.J.C. is also staging the Adelaide Cup, two miles, at same fixture. It is a £3,000 race, and most of Australia's best stayers have been nominated. An interesting feature of this Cup is that when the Totalisator Act was repealed (from 1885

till 1888), the Cup of 1885 was run at Flemington and won by Lord Wilton, ridden by Tommy Saunders, who is still in the land of the living.

Adelaide Cup was instituted in 1864, three years after Archer's first Melbourne Cup, so it is historically important.

Ralph Parham, secretary of S.A. J.C., has arrangements well in hand for a successful King's Cup carnival. He is a popular figure with sportsmen in all parts of the Commonwealth, and Sydney visitors will find him easy of approach. He is looking forward to a big roll-up of Interstate visitors. They will be assured of a generous welcome.



Here's an unusual picture of Randwick Racecourse on Cup Day. After placing their bets in the special reserve behind the Members' Stand spectators gather in the Paddock to watch their fancies run into various places at the finishing post. In the distance will be noted the St. Leger Reserve and, just behind, the entrance to the straight.



# Horse of the Month

The A.J.C. Plate (2½ m.) run at the A.J.C. Autumn meeting on April 3 rang down the racing curtain for one of the gamest and most honest stayers ever to have graced the Australian turf — Russia.

MELBOURNE Cup winner and a star at weight-for-age, Russia went out in a blaze of glory by winning the Cumberland Plate and A.J.C. Plate at the meeting, and his effortless defeat of Columnist in the latter event was one of the highlights of the meeting.

Russia, by Excitement (imp.) from Lady March, was foaled in 1941 and did not open his account until late

Early, Bill Cook won one race on Russia, but D. Munro was associated with the horse's seven remaining victories.

Russia's first win of any consequence was in the Anniversary Handicap of 1945 and in September of the same year he scored his first weight-for-age success in the Colin Stephen Stakes (1½ m.) at Randwick. In June, 1946, he beat a good

he was ridden by Darby Munro. His third victory was in the Exhibition Handicap, in which he humped the steadier of 10.3. The brilliant successes of Russia on this trip had impressed Munro and that rider had no hesitation in saying "yes" when asked to take the mount in the Cup.

It is history, now, how Russia, with 9.0 in the saddle, was always one of the first three in the 1946 Cup and after hitting the front a long way from home, cleared out to easy victory.

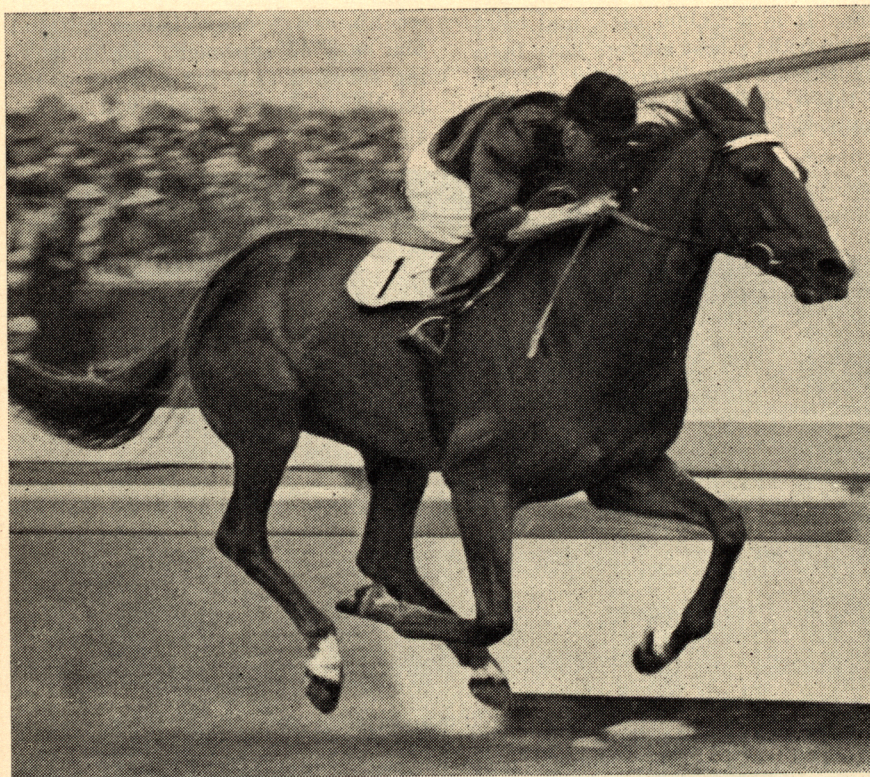
Success in Melbourne Cups had often proved too big an obstacle to further wins, but Russia appeared to thrive on the Cup ordeal and he went on to win eight more weight-for-age races. But for the decision to retire him to the stud, it is certain that he could have gone on to many more conquests.

In all, Russia won 20 races carrying £33,144 in stakes, and he ranks as one of the really great stayers in Australian turf history.

Russia, for the greater part of his racing career, was jointly owned by Mr. J. G. Leeds and trainer Ted Hush, and great credit is due the latter for the way he turned the chestnut out for the majority of his successes. Some twelve months ago the part-owners dissolved partnership and J. G. Leeds became sole owner.

The horse then entered the stable of F. McGrath, so famous through the deeds of Peter Pan, Amounis and others, and for the past season young Frank carried on the good work which Hush commenced in 1944 and continued until Russia capped all efforts by winning Australia's most coveted prize in November, 1946.

There are too few true stayers at present racing in Australia, and the crowds will miss this game and honest performer, but Frank McGrath will certainly miss Russia more than any other person. Frank was almost in tears when his champion was being vociferously cheered at Randwick on April 3, but he realised the wisdom of retiring Russia with honours thick upon him and, no doubt, will be looking forward to racing some of the progeny of the gallant son of Excitement and Lady March.



RUSSIA.

in his three-year-old days, when he scored in a seven furlong race at Randwick.

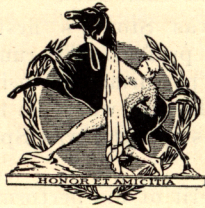
He was ridden in his winning debut by Jack Thompson, who went on to win eleven more events on the chestnut, and it was appropriate that the same accomplished horseman was aboard Russia when he said "Good-bye" to racing with a brilliant victory over Columnist, who is regarded by many as Australia's No. 1 horse.

field of stayers in the Winter Stakes with 9.3 aboard and that success established Russia as a stayer of the first quality.

The A.J.C. Spring meeting was near at hand at this stage, but the connections of Russia decided to bypass Randwick and concentrate on the Melbourne Cup.

As part of his preparation for this event, Russia was sent to Brisbane in August and took part in three races, which he won and in which





TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY.

5th April, 1948.

In pursuance of Section 5 of Tattersall's Club Act, 1888, Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Members of Tattersall's Club will be held in the Club Room on Monday, 19th April, 1948, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of confirming or rejecting the amendments and new rule approved at a Special General Meeting of the Members held on Wednesday, 17th March, 1948.

S. E. CHATTERTON,  
Chairman.



# John Stoney—Big Time Athlete

This month saw the return of big footracing events in Victoria. Bendigo opened the season with a £1,000 stake, the largest cash prize in the world, and several events were witnessed by a crowd of over 22,000 people.

THIS meet was followed by the famous Stawell Gift Meeting, to be held in that historic Victorian town during the Easter holidays. Stawell has been famous in this regard for over 70 years.

At the Bendigo Meeting, a real Interstate flavour existed, the three highly favoured runners in the betting being from three different States.

Rosser, the Victorian, shared early favouritism with Streets, of Lismore, while last year's Stawell Gift winner, Don Cameron, from South Australia, had more than a fair share of admirers. But coming from comparative obscurity, the 6ft. 2in. medical student, John Stoney, of St. Kilda, outclassed these great runners over the last 20 yards in the Grand Final, to win, off 5½ yards, in record time of 11.7 seconds for the 130 yards. This represents 7½

yards inside even time. His running weight was 11st. 10lb.

This was Stoney's first appearance in professional running, his previous performances being in his school athletics, where he held many championships and was Sports Captain.

The merit of his performance was added to when it became known that, due to a fracture of his leg two years ago, his preparation for the event was considerably interrupted, and he actually broke down a few days prior to the race.

It was only continuous injections to relieve the pain that gave him enough relief to go through to the finals.

This fine young Australian displayed not only great speed, but superb action and determination, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest running finds for many years.

He is a nephew of two of our

Club Members, who reside in the Wagga district, J. L. and Frank Watts, and it is hardly necessary to mention they are very proud of this fine youth.

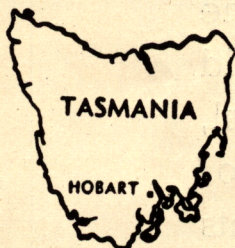
Both Frank and Jack Watts were good runners in their early days.

—G.C.

## LISTEN, SISTER!

WHO owns love letters? The ownership of a love letter or any other letter belongs to the sender. By sending a love letter, the writer parts with his or her right to possession, extending to the recipient of the letter the right to read and keep it for his or her enduring memory and sentiments. Only the writer of a letter can make it public.

After a man's death, not even his wife can commercialise his love letters to her. Love letters belong to lovers and are not assets in the hands of the executor or administrator. All these rules, however, are subject to a well-defined exception: namely, that the recipient of the letters may justifiably use or publish them in a suit at law.



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# ADRIAN QUIST — OUR TENNIS ACE

Members will have more than usual interest in the 1948 Davis Cup tennis tournament because a fellow-member, Adrian Quist, will be in charge of the Australian team as captain-manager. His choice was obvious and the decision, officially and publically, unanimous.

THE team is: Adrian Quist, Colin Long, Billy Sidwell and Geoff. Brown. It is generally conceded to be strong, though not on a par with other sides which have represented before.

The job will be ahead of Adrian to sort his charges out—to find which is the strongest possible pairs combination and who can most be relied on to carry the day in singles events.

Those who know him best rest content that the final judgment will be based on solid foundation and without respect to persons or individual vanity.

Adrian has all the necessary attributes for the task in hand. He has attained his present high ranking in world tennis the hard way and knows ninety-nine, if not one hundred per cent., of all the answers.

Here is something of his history:

He is a son of Karl Quist, who played cricket with the defunct Sydney Cricket Club and later transferred to Adelaide, where he made the South Australian XI in Sheffield Shield cricket.

In his early years Adrian gave promise of being a cricketer, much to his Dad's delight, and, with his natural ball sense, it is highly probable he would have attained highest rank. However, it was not to be and eventually a racquet was substituted for a bat—the exact opposite of the Don Bradman case. At one vital stage Don did not know which way he would turn, and, strangely enough, it was a century in Adelaide when representing N.S.W. that turned the scales.

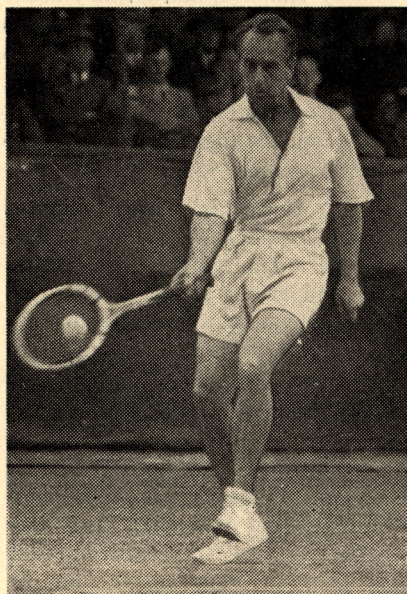
Seems like a quid pro quo.

Adrian was educated at Pulteney Street Grammar School, Adelaide, and quite early exhibited a pair of exceptionally speedy legs in open athletic contests. Those legs have stood him in good stead since when operating on the tennis courts of the world. He is far from being a tyro among world travellers.

His first major tennis success came in 1929, when he won the South

Australian Junior Singles title and his style and proficiency brought him under the notice of Dr. Ray Hone, who took him in hand pronto, taught him all he (Hone) had learned in championship matches, and turned out the finished article.

Quist became a member of Hyde Park (S.A.) Club and was joined



*Adrian Quist.*

with Don Turnbull as a doubles team.

One year later, Adrian won the junior doubles and singles Australian titles and firmly established himself in the official tennis eyes for future reference.

In 1933 he won the Queensland singles title and made the Davis Cup team which toured abroad that year.

This year he will celebrate his eighth tour and, in between, has wielded his racquet on every major court in the Commonwealth and New Zealand.

His greatest achievement was his sensational Davis Cup defeat of American Bobby Riggs in 1939 when, after losing both singles in the first round, the Australians Quist and Bromwich rallied to win the coveted

trophy which we held until beaten two years back in Melbourne.

Quist beat Riggs 6-1, 6-1, 3-6, 3-6, 6-4. Then Bromwich accounted for Frankie Parker.

That was the first time Australia had won the Davis Cup.

Prior to that year, and until 1933, the antipodes combinations were known as Australasia, and embraced the best players of New Zealand and Australia—remember the famous Anthony Wilding-Norman Brookes team.

For those who study figures it is worth recalling that Australasian successes came along in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911, 1914, 1919.

Some of Adrian's other major victories:—

★ 1935: Doubles titles at Wimbledon and Paris with Jack Crawford partner.

★ 1939: German doubles champion with Enrique Maier.

★ Australian doubles champion in 1936, 1937 (Don Turnbull), 1938, 1939, 1940, 1946, 1947 (John Bromwich).

★ 1936: Won singles championship of N.S.W., Queensland, Victoria and Australia.

★ A sensational performance was when Adrian and Don Turnbull defeated famous Americans Ellsworth Vines and Keith Gledhill at Wimbledon after being down 4-6, 5-7 in the first two sets. Then they rallied and took the next three 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

In recent years Adrian has suffered from a "tennis elbow" and wisely refrained from indulging in too much play.

Naturally unthinking critics and pessimists proclaimed the worst, but Adrian confounded them by coming back to win the Australian singles title, which he now carries with aplomb.

Our very best thoughts and wishes will go with him and his team-mates when they step aboard a plane for U.S.A. about six weeks hence.



# "Come Back, the Fight Isn't Over!"

Story of the savage Dempsey-Willard fight, by Michael Woodroffe in "Everybody's."

**B**ARELY twenty-four years old when he won the right to meet Willard, Dempsey had won nearly sixty fights, mostly by quick knock-outs. Yet even when the contracts were signed, Willard refused to take Dempsey seriously. "This scrap to him is just a little unpleasant duty which he knows he must carry out," his friends told the newspapermen.

Before-the-fight publicity was soon breaking all records. Miles of seats lined the timbered stadium that Promoter Tex Rickard had specially built to house a hundred-thousand spectators. Even the sun played its part, making it the hottest day of the year, a ringside temperature of between 112 and 120 degrees being recorded. The attendance alone provided something of an anti-climax; despite the huge crowds parading Toledo's streets, barely twenty thousand people paid for admission to the big fight.

Willard was accorded a tremendous ovation, and he appeared trained to the last ounce of his 240 pounds as he took off his dressing-gown. He walked about the ring smiling confidently, his huge shoulders, torso and limbs rippling with vitality.

Dempsey in the opposite corner felt, he says, like "an impertinent impostor." Though over six feet tall and powerfully muscled, he looked almost a pigmy by comparison—a "Jack the Giant Killer," as the Press, in fact, had christened him.

Scowling and crouching low, with heavy-stubbed chin tucked down into his left shoulder, he waited for Willard's first move. Willard jabbed out a cautious left, missed, and lunged heavily with his right. Twice his glove reached Dempsey's face, but Dempsey rode the blows and they did little harm. Willard next tried to rush his opponent to the ropes, and this proved his undoing. Dempsey clinched, and as they broke he ducked under Willard's great arms and let loose a left and a right to stomach and jaw. Willard went down, was up again at four—but from then the fight, to quote the reports, became "sheer murder."

Seven times in three minutes Dempsey knocked Willard down. Willard rose indomitably each time, but at the end of the round he squatted on the canvas quite unable to rise.

"Stop the fight!" roared the crowd. The referee impassively counted Willard out, and people began climbing through the ropes to pat Dempsey on the back. Hastily disengaging himself, Dempsey jumped down from the ring, and was actually on his way back to his dressing-room when above the din a frantic yell reached his ears: "Come back, the fight isn't over!" It was Kearns, his manager. Willard had been saved by the gong that nobody heard, and he was determined to fight on.

Willard's condition was such that one can only marvel at his courage in continuing. His jaw was broken, his cheekbone split, and his bruise-blackened eyes were practically sightless. Both men circled each other uncertainly most of the second round. Near the finish a spontaneous cheer surged across the arena as Willard caught Dempsey

full in the face with a right uppercut. But it was a blow sadly lacking in real power, and Dempsey returned to his corner unscathed.

It is said that Willard never fought more magnificently than in his last few seconds as champion of the world. Throughout the third round he made for Dempsey, punching till he could barely stand, and hanging on when Dempsey pummelled his sagging body with short-arm hooks and jabs.

As he stumbled at the end of the round to a corner, Willard could no longer see. He was loudly cheered but the cheers were almost drowned in the chorus of "Stop it!" A moment later the towel fluttered across the ring from his corner. Dempsey immediately rushed over to embrace Willard with unaffected admiration.

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# The Kellys

## Ride Again

A SHORT TIME ago in a large country town an old man was charged with vagrancy, and when asked what work he did he said that he was a retired bushranger. He claimed that in his young days he had been a member of Ben Hall's gang, but as he had served his sentence and led a clean life ever since he had nothing to fear. He was merely one of many men who claimed to have been bushrangers in their young days. In north-west Queensland a drover claimed that he had been a bushranger, but was never captured. When police approached the drover's camp this man always sneaked off into the bush until the police had disappeared. He told the other drovers that he feared some of the police might recognise him, though it was twenty-five years since he had been an outlaw.

Near Bombala (N.S.W.) a very old man claimed that he had been a bushranger in the early days, and when he had a few drinks he told stirring tales about how he dodged the police, outwitting them at every turn.

### Said He Was Dan

Some years ago an old man at Lidcombe Old Men's Home convinced a newspaper reporter that he was Dan Kelly. He told how he escaped from the hotel at Glenrowan when the police set it alight. This man even convinced himself that he really was Ned Kelly's brother Dan.

For many years Jack Bradshaw spoke in the Sydney Domain, claiming that he was the last of the Australian bushrangers. His claim to this title, however, has often been disputed by a number of other men who claimed to be bushrangers, and as Jack Bradshaw is now dead, it is not surprising that others now claim to be the last of the Australian bushrangers. In the bush I have met men who claimed to be retired bushrangers, retired pick-pockets, retired burglars, and one man even claimed to be a retired hobo.—A.T. in "Digest of Digests."

## "HOMING" BY NORTH POLE

AN American theory based on the speed with which different parts of the world spin round the world's axis, may partly solve the age-old problem of how homing pigeons and many gifted dogs and cats, find their way home across hundreds of miles of strange territory.

You instinctively think of trained pigeons in connection with the mystery of homing, yet cats and dogs perform even more wonderful feats.

A pigeon can fly straight, and, like the pilot of an aeroplane, can see a vast area of ground. But the slower cat and dog have to walk round houses and streets which are set at bewildering angles.

Protagonist of the earth rotation theory is Professor H. L. Yeagley, of Pennsylvania.

If you were to sit on the North Pole (the true, not the magnetic, pole) your body would turn slowly, taking a whole day to get round once.

But if you sat on the Equator, your body would rush along at more than a thousand miles an hour.

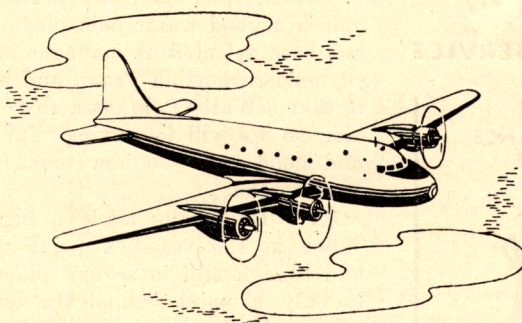
Let us take, as a crude example, the joy-wheel at a fair. Imagine that the centre is the North Pole, and that the wheel does not turn fast enough to throw you off. Imagine that you live, blindfolded, on one spot of the wheel for a long time.

Somebody picks you up and sits you down again on another part of the wheel. You would not know where you were, but you would at once know, by "feel," if you had been shifted nearer the slow-turning centre or the faster-moving rim.

The argument is that the pigeon, cat, and dog subconsciously know whether they find themselves nearer or further from the Pole.

This is, however, only half the battle. You can give a man in the desert, or a pilot in an aeroplane, a line or route. You must also tell him which way to travel along this route. Many a pilot has flown accurately along his course, but in the wrong direction—Alan Tomkins in "Sunday Dispatch."

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# SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

## Gunton's Good Month

**PETER GUNTON** took all the March honours in the Pool by winning three of the four handicaps and taking the monthly Point Score trophy.

He struck a purple patch of form such as most swimmers strike periodically, but has paid the penalty with a reduced handicap, and is going to find it a difficult job to win from now on.

That's the way it is in the Swimming Club, the marks are so closely adjusted and the boys swim so consistently to them that the loss of a second's handicap puts them where they have to train hard to win.

Jack Shaffran continued on his consistent way and swam a brace of seconds, but he has yet to win a race this season, though he has swum no end of places. His performance in winning a heat in 22 4/5 secs. was a greatly improved one.

Stuart Murray had a better run in March, and it was a coincidence

that he drew Arthur Webber in both Brace Relays and that they swam second in both finals.

New swimmers during the month were brothers Carl and Bill Phillips, and they are definite acquisitions to the club. Most of our swimmers rubbed their eyes when Carl splashed up the Pool in his first race and, partnered by Stuart Murray, won both heat and final of a Brace Relay in slashing time.

However, we can tell them all that their optics were quite all right, as Carl was one of our best sprinters and at fifteen years swam 56 4/5 secs. for the hundred. For years he was one of the State's best sprinters, and to-day can make the best of them go over 55 yards. When he clashes with Bill Kendall over the two laps it will be worth seeing.

Brother Bill, better known to sporting circles as W. Berge-Phillips, is Hon. Secretary of the Amateur Swimming Union of Australia, has done a tremendous lot of good work for that body, and has been in the battle line of recent Olympic controversies and collection of funds. Bill, though not in Carl's class as a speedster, is no mean performer, and is a good water polo player. He has been selected as manager of the Olympic Swimming Team, and hopes to take a Water Polo team away with him, so we will be saying "farewell and good luck" to him soon for a few months.

Clive Hoole has made a big advance in the season's point score, and though still in second place, he is only a point behind the leader, Arthur McCamley. "Pete" Hunter is holding his ground in third place, whilst Sid Lorking has gained a couple of points to put himself fourth and Jack Shaffran has picked up five to be placed fifth.

Results:—

40 Yards Handicap, 2nd March.—P. Gunton (25) 1, S. B. Solomon (28) 2, B. Chiene (22) 3. Time, 25 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 9th March.—S. Lorking and P. Gunton (47) 1, A. Webber and P. Hill (49) 2, S. B. Solomon and K. Hunter (51) 3. Time, 46 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 16th March.—P. Gunton (25) 1, J. Shaffran (24) 2, C. Hoole (23) 3. Time, 24 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 23rd March.—S. Murray and C. Phillips (45) 1, J. Shaffran and C. Hoole (23) 2, A. Webber and P. Hill (49) 3. Time, 42 1/5 secs.

March Point Score.—P. Gunton, 25½, 1; P. Hill, 21½, 2; S. Murray, 21, 3; J. Shaffran, 20, 4; C. Hoole, 19½, 5; S. Lorking and A. Webber, 17, 6; S. B. Solomon, 15½, 8; K. Hunter and A. McCamley, 15, 9; B. Chiene, 14½, 11; P. Lindsay, 13, 12.

1947-1948 Point Score.—Leaders to date are: A. McCamley 90½, C. Hoole 89½, K. Hunter 83, S. Lorking 82½, J. Shaffran 82, N. P. Murphy 78, S. Murray 77, P. Hill 73, A. Webber 72, P. Lindsay 71, T. H. English 61½, C. Chatterton 59, S. B. Solomon 47½, B. Chiene 45½, D. Wilson 43, H. E. Davis 42½, D. B. Hunter 37, G. Carr and V. Richards 32½, P. Gunton 31½.

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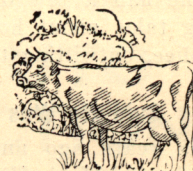
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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER TOURNAMENTS

THE Club's Grand Billiards and Snooker tournaments of 1948 are now under way.

A special standard table has been erected in the Main Hall, and enthusiasm is great as ever.

The sum of £180 has been allocated for each section in proportions of £100, £50, £20, £10.

Conditions call for re-handicapping at any stage if deemed advisable by the Committee.

All matches will be governed by the latest Revised Rules of the B.A.C.C. (Eng.), only one bye will be allowed and a fresh draw will be made at the end of each round.

Any member unable to play at or before the appointed time, or such other time as the Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

No practice or exhibition game will be allowed on the Tournament table during progress of the Tournaments.

## SNOOKER

### DRAW FOR FIRST ROUND.

A. J. Crown	Rec. 25	v.	H. J. Robertson	Scratch
E. E. Davis	" 50	"	W. Longworth	Rec. 10
G. D. Tayler	" 60	"	W. R. Dovey	" 50
"G.J.W."	" 30	"	W. H. Sellen	" 60
C. E. Young	" 30	"	C. C. Hoole	" 55
R. H. Abbott	" 45	"	L. H. Howarth	" 35
E. N. Welch	" 50	"	G. Fienberg	" 25
R. G. Mead	" 45	"	J. A. McClean	" 55
D. F. Graham	" 45	"	W. H. Davies	" 45
N. Seamonds	" 55	"	I. Green	" 55
A. J. Kellett	" 50	"	J. I. Armstrong	" 50
W. Forster	" 50	"	R. Tobias	" 50
A. T. Norton	" 55	"	R. L. Ball	" 50
D. Lake	" 40	"	W. G. Harris	" 35
T. H. English	" 50	"	F. C. Belot	" 50
W. M. Hannan	" 50	"	W. H. Relton	" 50
E. W. Abbott	" 45	"	G. J. C. Moore	" 50
W. A. McDonald	" 55	"	C. O. Chambers	" 45
M. E. Farley	" 40	"	C. K. McDonald	" 40
K. F. E. Fidden	" 30	"	Chas. Rich	" 50
F. J. Geddes	" 50	"	A. H. Stocks	" 50
I. E. Stanford	" 40	"	A. H. Charleston	" 55
J. Eaton	" 35	"	S. Peters	" 40
A. Page	" 55	"	J. Harris	" 50
R. M. Colechin	" 30	"	N. R. Plomley	" 35
A. J. Matthews	" 50	"	G. H. Booth	" 50
G. Gayleard	" 55	"	P. J. Schwarz	" 40
J. Molloy	" 30	"	John Melville	" 55
L. J. Haigh	" 40	"	J. L. McDermott	" 40
P. Roach	" 55	"	F. E. Headlam	" 35
H. H. Robinson	" 35	"	Jack Davis	" 55
W. R. Laforest	" 50	"	E. A. Davis	" 20
E. R. Purves	" 50	"	J. K. Monro	" 60
C. S. Brice	" 50	"	W. Hayes	" 50
S. R. Relton	" 50	"	F. A. Tinworth	" 60
G. Chiene	" 55	"	T. E. Sweet	" 60
R. F. Rattray	" 35	"	A. Buck	" 50
J. D. Mullan	" 55	"	A. B. Browning	" 60
B. M. Lane	" 20	"	J. A. Craig	" 45
I. Silk	" 50	"	A. M. Cattanach	" 35
G. Webster	" 40	"	J. W. Douglass	" 35
W. S. Edwards	" 50	"	A. V. Miller	" 20
F. Vockler	" 15	"	R. R. Doyle	" 50
B. M. Norris, Jr.	" 25	"	E. W. Bell	" 60
J. W. Norris	" 40	"	H. R. H. Foley	" 45
M. Lloyd Jones	" 35	"	A. A. Ray	" 50
P. R. Larkin	" 35	"	E. J. Millar	" 45
J. H. Peoples	" 45	"	A. R. Buckle	" 45
A. C. Gelling	" 40	"	A. E. Stutchbury	" 60
C. J. Manning	" 40	"	Guy Crick	" 35
P. E. Smith	" 60	"	W. G. Marshall	" 50
R. J. Hastings	" 50	"	F. Ezzy	" 50
C. Perry	" 60	"	Harold Hill	" 40
E. H. Booth	" 40	"	A. M. Watson	" 40
A. R. McCamley	" 40	"	R. E. Edmondson	" 60
J. L. Hughes	" 50	"	R. Hutchinson	" 40
H. G. Parr	" 50	"	J. W. Large	" 50

Byes : H. A. Stevenson, A. J. McGill, W. Lieberman, S. E. Chatterton, K. Ranger, J. A. Roles, L. D. Tasker.

## BILLIARDS

### DRAW FOR FIRST ROUND.

A. Buck	Rec. 100	v.	E. W. Abbott	Rec. 125
A. R. Buckle	" 75	"	W. Laforest	" 90
K. Ranger	" 80	"	N. R. Plomley	" 50
R. L. Ball	" 130	"	L. J. Haigh	" 100
L. H. Howarth	" 95	"	G. H. Booth	" 125
E. A. Davis	" 40	"	R. Hutchinson	" 100
J. W. Norris	" 100	"	L. D. Tasker	" 105
J. A. Roles	" 90	"	J. Eaton	" 80
R. M. Colechin	" 100	"	G. Fienberg	" 50
A. B. Browning	" 125	"	H. J. Robertson	Owes 125
A. M. Watson	" 90	"	Jack Davis	Rec. 125
J. R. Coen	" 95	"	W. S. Edwards	" 120
C. C. Howle	" 110	"	J. Harris	" 100
W. T. Kerr	" 160	"	B. M. Lane	" 100
R. E. Edmondson	" 150	"	A. R. McCamley	" 90
Harold Hill	" 100	"	C. E. Young	" 25
E. N. Welch	" 110	"	R. F. Rattray	" 110
T. H. English	" 110	"	A. J. McGill	" 80
A. V. Miller	Owes 40	"	W. M. Hannan	" 125
J. W. Large	Rec. 140	"	J. D. Mullan	" 140
W. Longworth	Owes 125	"	F. Vockler	Scratch
E. R. Williams	Rec. 90	"	R. Carter	Rec. 150
J. H. Peoples	" 115	"	A. J. Chown	Owes 40
C. K. McDonald	" 100	"	J. I. Armstrong	Rec. 110
J. Molloy	" 50	"	N. Seamonds	" 150
S. E. Chatterton	" 90	"	H. H. Robinson	" 80
W. A. McDonald	" 150	"	S. Peters	" 60
"G.J.W."	" 40	"	C. J. Manning	" 110
W. G. Marshall	" 110	"	A. E. Stutchbury	" 150
F. E. Headlam	" 65	"	A. J. Matthews	" 120

Byes (2) : P. J. Schwarz, W. R. Dovey.

THE stars in sport come and go and there was a story circulating recently that Jesse Owen, the "Ebony Antelope," greatest sprinter the world has yet seen, was down and out after running through £40,000 he had earned since turning professional in 1937.

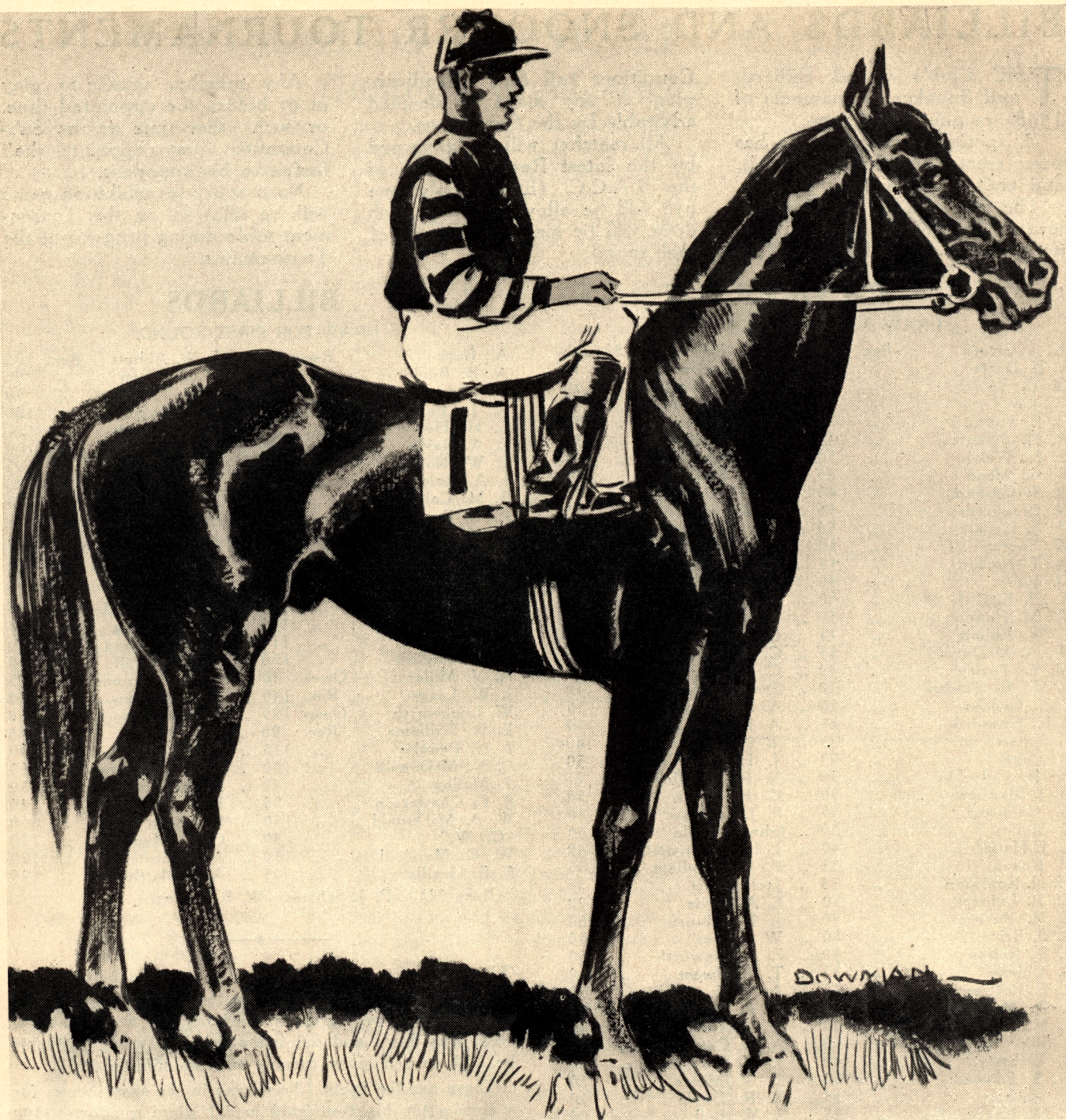
These are the facts. Jesse was in the easy money for a time after his four gold medal winning efforts (100 and 200 metres, long jump, and 4 x 100 relay) at the 1936 Olympics.

The Owens demand began to dwindle. In 1939 he filed his petition in bankruptcy.

But Jesse fought back with such success that his income last year as a lecturer and sports gear salesman was nearly £4,000.

He plans to come to London this year. He still holds world records for the 220 yards (20.3 secs.), 200 metres (20.3 secs.), long jump (26 ft. 8½ ins.), and is joint holder of the 100 yards record (9.4 secs.), and 100 metres (10.2 secs.).





#### AMERICANS MOURN PASSING OF FAVOURITE.

The picture above of Man o' War was specially drawn for Tattersall's Club Magazine by Artist Walter Dowman. This remarkable racehorse, now dead, was proclaimed by Americans as the greatest of all time. He was 30 years old at the end and still stately in appearance. Although the veterinary verdict was "natural causes," those closest to the horse maintain his death was caused by fretting and broken heart.

Will Harbut, his devoted negro groom throughout his life, predeceased Man o' War by a couple of weeks. So closely were they allied that a published obituary of Harbut stated: "He left a wife, six sons, three daughters and Man o' War."

- Man o' War started in 21 races as a two-year-old in 1919-20 season and won 20.

- Was clocked to break five world records, and still holds the 1.3 and 1.5.
- His stride was 24ft. and described as the poetry of motion.
- Owner Samuel Riddle retired Man o' War because handicappers asked him to carry more weight than any other horse known.
- Fabulous offers ranging up to a reported million dollars were refused by his owner.
- On three occasions Man o' War started at 100/1 ON and won.
- Only time he was defeated (by Upset) he was facing the other way when the starter sent the field away.
- Measured in terms of humans, Man o' War's 30 years represented 105.



# HORSE SWAM TO WIN STEEPLECHASE

A horse was shipwrecked on his way to run the Grand National Steeplechase. He had a harrowing experience, rivalling that of Robinson Crusoe. But he finally turned up in England in time for the big race. "Magazine Digest" tells the story.

**M**ONTHS before England's Grand National Steeplechase was to be held, bets were being placed on the chances of Moifaa, the great Australian thoroughbred, to win.

"Certainly, he's a good horse," said some, "but he'll stiffen up during the weeks on the long boat trip. Halfway round the world, you know. And there's the change of climate. These thoroughbreds are delicate."

Suddenly, there occurred an event which cancelled all bets. Moifaa had disappeared! The ship carrying him from Australia to England had been shipwrecked in a storm. Sam Molen, recalling the 1904 racing event in a recent broadcast from KMBC, Kansas City, Mo., tells how most of the passengers and crew escaped in lifeboats. But the horse had been forgotten in the excitement and had, undoubtedly, been carried down with the ship.

Some weeks later, steeplechase officials in England received a letter from a fisherman. He had just received a batch of newspapers and read about the loss of the Australian champion. Now it so happened that, while tending his nets near the Southern trade routes, he had noticed what looked to be a strangely-marked rock lying on the shore of a small, barren island.

"When I got there," he explained, "I found it to be a horse. He was half-dead and nearly frozen. Obviously, he had swum there from somewhere, and collapsed with exhaustion as soon as he reached shore.

"Now, this is a long way from where the Australian ship went down. I may be wrong, but as near as I can tell from the papers, it must be a hundred miles or more. Could he have floated part of the way on some wreckage? Or do you think any animal could have swum for so many hours or days to reach this island? Do you think it could be Moifaa?"

Then the fisherman told how he had covered the animal with warm blankets, built a fire, constructed a shelter, and fed him oatmeal from

his own provisions. The horse soon revived.

Moifaa's owners took the next boat. They identified the survivor as Moifaa, all right. But the horse was emaciated. They feared, that he would never recover from the ordeal.

Still, they took him on to England. He could at least be used for breeding purposes. The sports world of the day was amazed that the horse was still alive, and offered sincere regrets that Moifaa's racing days were over.

The beautiful horse made a sensational recovery. When the day of the steeplechase arrived, the owners realised with mingled feelings of surprise and frustration, that Moifaa's name was still listed among the eligible entrants.

When the owners arrived at the paddock outside the race grounds, Moifaa was neighing impatiently and beating the floor of the stall with his hoofs. "He knows there's something on, sir," said the jockey. "Believe me, sir, Moifaa would like a chance."

"But that's ridiculous! The horse is only a shadow of what he used to be."

"He wouldn't win—we'd have him stop after a few jumps—but he'd be a hero. It would be a demonstration the fans would never forget. It would prove what kind of a horse he is. If you're thinking of money, sir—it would certainly increase his stud fees."

It required some argument to convince the owners. However, they were stung to action by letters of condolence, and by the sad faces assumed by every visitor who passed Moifaa's stable.

The horses began lining up. The crowd buzzed with excitement. Suddenly there was a hush, and the thousands of spectators stared in disbelief. A horse wearing Moifaa's colours had come out, and was lining up with the rest. It **was** Moifaa. The crowd went wild, and the betting began feverishly.

Those who were guided by sen-

timent bet on Moifaa. Those who work on logic and common sense gave any odds they could get against the Australian thoroughbred.

The "wise money" was in line with the inside facts: there was every chance that Moifaa wouldn't even finish the course, for his owners had given the jockey instructions to pull him out as soon as he showed signs of tiring.

The race began! Moifaa trailed on the breakaway. He barely cleared the first two jumps. But as the most gruelling race in the world went on, he began to get back into form. Two other horses fell, then the third, the fourth. Moifaa still trailed the field.

But, to the surprise of even his jockey, the gallant-hearted Australian, instead of tiring, began to gather strength. Running now with the smoothness of a jewelled watch, he began coming up from behind to overtake the leaders, passing one after the other.

As the horses thundered down the home stretch, the normally staid English crowd went mad. The other jockeys were whipping their horses furiously, for that last ounce of winning speed. But Moifaa's jockey didn't need to use the whip. He just kept his head down and hung on.

"Come on, boy," he whispered. "Come on, boy, you can do it. Let's pass him . . . Good boy, good boy. Now let's pass this next one . . . Good boy, good boy. Now there's that last one in front. Let's get him. Let's get him . . . Come on, boy. **Come on, Moifaa!**"

The ending of the story is such that, if you had seen it in the movies, you would have smilingly accepted it as pure fiction. But this happened:

Moifaa, after swimming for hours, perhaps days . . . after returning from the near dead . . . this walking, running skeleton made a comeback such as the sporting world has rarely seen, before or since. He won the Grand National.



# FRANCE FLIES AGAIN

The first real over-all picture of what is happening in the French aircraft industry since it was freed from German control in the summer of 1944 was given to Ronald Walker, "News Chronicle" Air Correspondent, in the course of a 2,000-mile tour of French factories and air force stations as the guest of the French Air Minister, Andre Maroselli.

LAST year the revival of the biennial French air exhibition in Paris provided a gallant shop window. The intensive, exhausting tour I have just completed displayed frankly the goods inside the shop.

What has France got inside the shop?

The answer is complicated and has to be taken in easy stages.

A mixture of national and private enterprise, the French aircraft industry has a total of 88,000 workers. Roughly half are employed by the five State-owned societies, and the other half by the remaining privately owned companies building airframes, motors and accessories.

This mixture of nationalisation and private enterprise fuses into one in the general enthusiasm, keenness, courage and initiative that is everywhere apparent. There is a common aim to regain for France

the leading position which made her outstanding in the earlier years of aviation.

## French Faith.

For the visitor there is the exciting discovery to be made that the faith and determination of the leaders of the industry are backed by public expectations that French aircraft shall be at least as good as the world's best. The satisfaction of this demand is a herculean task.

The industry is struggling to recover from an unprecedented combination of disrupting events.

When war came in 1939 the industry was just recovering from the disorganisation following the 1936 nationalisation programme, which had caused the uprooting of entire factories and their removal to other parts of the country.

The collapse put an end to all development and production.

During the occupation France was not only cut off from the remarkable technical developments which were revolutionising aviation in the Allied countries, and in Germany, but the French technicians deliberately sabotaged their own potential technical developments to avoid giving assistance to the enemy.

In addition, much plant and equipment suffered from Allied bombing.

## Two Aims.

If the French had lacked faith, determination and an abundant belief in the future, this series of events would have been catastrophic. Instead, the French aircraft industry has survived as a live thing, hard at work on the staggering dual task of catching up with the six lost vital years and striving to keep abreast of the rapid technical developments of the present.

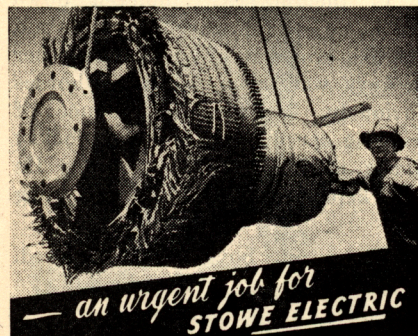
For the future they can have but hope and faith, and very, very little money.

You do not have to go far through the shops and factories to realise that the French industry is like one of those rural communities that have missed the gas era and jumped

straight from oil lamps to electricity. It is waiting for the jet propulsion which came during the six lost years. But missing also is the essential experience in developing jet motors, now common to Britain and America.

This gap is the main feature of the French aviation picture. It explains why new and bright ideas are being grafted on old types of aircraft; why they are persevering in 1947 with the development of types of motors and aircraft which were brilliant conceptions in 1939.

Before the war aircraft designers were hungry for more and more powerful motors. The nationalised Arsenal de l'Aeronautique made an ingenious contribution by coupling two Hispano 920 h.p. motors on a single shaft. Now they have coupled two Arsenal H type motors, resulting in a vast and complicated piece



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*At the Easter Royal Show in Sydney some glorious specimens of fruits were shown, but, in the orange section, the very best and juiciest came, aptly enough from Orange. That is according to the old chap photographed picking them above. Anyway, that's his story and he is going to stick to it.*

of machinery producing a total of 8,000 h.p.

The jet motor, with less than one-hundredth of the complex moving parts of this monster, is already providing more than 8,000 h.p.

In the shops of Aerosudest at Marseilles size dominates. Again it is largely a carry-over from the development plans of 1939. Before the war they had designed the S.E. 200 flying-boat of 70 tons. This huge marine craft was typical of the initiative displayed by France.

### **Bigger Still**

The Germans seized the first one and carried it off to Lake Constance, where the R.A.F. destroyed it. The R.A.F. also destroyed the second at Marignane, near Marseilles. The

third has been completed since the war; work has stopped on the fourth for lack of money.

I flew in the third along the coast from Marseilles to Cap d'Antibes and back. After years of flying it was quite an experience to wander about this enormous hull in which the cabins are bigger than the rooms in a modern flat. Seated for only 38-40 passengers, there can be no doubt that the S.E. is not an economic proposition.

But Aerosudest have remained faithful to the flying-boat and have designed one twice as large. They are spending over £500,000 on a flying wooden scale model to prepare for the 140-ton giant which will have a wing span of 200ft.

Powered by eight 4,000 h.p. motors, it is designed to carry 124 passengers. Estimated cost is £2,600,000. So far there are no orders.

### **The Future**

Just outside Toulouse the Office National d'Etudes et de Recherches Aeronautiques, the French Farnborough, is spending several millions in pounds on the construction of high speed wind tunnels for both aircraft and motors, and a test tank for marine craft.

These vast and incomplete concrete structures are evidence that the French have not failed to grasp the future's needs. For the present two private firms are building jets—one of them the British Rolls-Royce Nene under licence.

The only State motor company, Snecma, is experimenting with an enlarged version of the German BMW motor. Arsenal are building an experimental monoplane, VG 70, powered by the German Jumo jet.

The honest summing up must be that French aviation cannot move again into the forefront until it has acquired constructional and operational experience of the jet.

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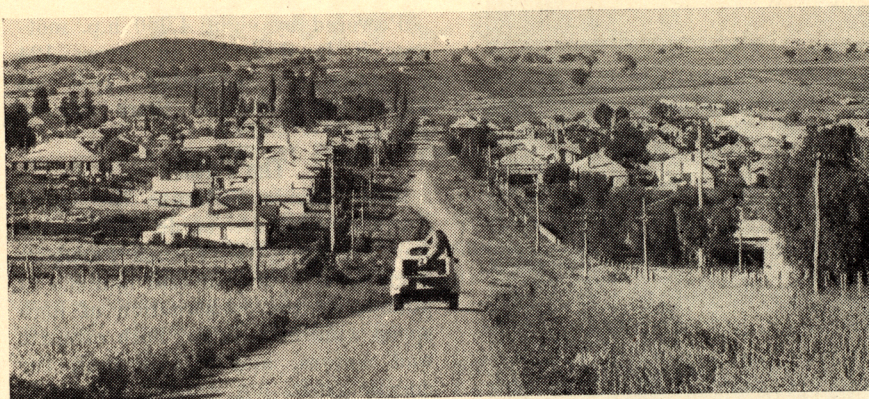
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## WHY DO WOMEN NAG

Nagging has adapted itself to the modern age. A nagging wife doesn't have to scream or make scenes. Yet the results are the same: separation or divorce. Women nag for one of six definite reasons.

TO the divorcee judge it was an old story. The girl had been a paragon of sweetness until a few days after the wedding. Then she started criticising her husband for drinking a second cup of coffee at

breakfast. She went from there to other annoyances: the way he parted his hair and tied his shoe-laces, his mismanagement of a cigarette, his occasional resort to cuss-words, his job, his weight, his friends.

She had a seemingly bottomless fund of irritations. In her case, the transition from bashful bride to determined nagger took three months. Some girls take longer. "But the occasional smart girl, if she puts her mind to it," a judge remarked recently, "can make the transition in less than a month."

Nagging is not a feminine avocation that went out with the bustle. Divorce authorities claim that it is on the increase, that it is found in the very best homes—at least as long as such homes remain intact.

Nagging, however, has adapted itself to the modern age. It is streamlined, speeded up. The most accomplished 1947 nagger doesn't scream at her husband like the shrew of Shakespeare's day, nor does she heap on him a sulphurous pile of abuse like the fishwife at the turn of the century.

Her attitude is usually one of refinement, and she does her nagging quietly—sometimes in a whisper that only the husband can hear. But, regardless of amplification, it is still nagging, and the effect on the husband and the marriage is the same.

Some wives carry on their nagging in what they like to think of as a "being helpful" way. "I am not trying to punish Jim," said one wife. "I think he realises that what I say is in his best interests." That Jim had some contrary opinions was shown later when he ran off with a girl who was not nearly as pretty or as clever as his wife—but who was much quieter.

Nagging, of course, is not mere talkativeness. Nor does quietness alone mean a pleasant marriage. Some of the most proficient naggers need very few words to accomplish

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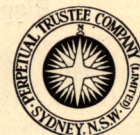
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their ends. And some can nag with a look.

What does the nagger hope to accomplish? Briefly, her objective, though she may be unaware of it, is to break down her husband's ego, to "make him feel small."

The rare husband is carried uncomplainingly through the entire process to a successful conclusion. But a great many walk out half-way through the first act.

What makes women nag?

When a man and woman marry, they have to work and live together as a team. Under the best of circumstances, there is an initial conflict of desires, attitudes, and interests. When these conflicts are resolved there is a happy marriage. When the conflicts continue, the husband may try to solve the problem by seeking other company, while the wife tries to solve it by nagging.

Another factor is that the woman who persists in a romantic view of marriage is constantly comparing her husband with the "ideal lover" she sees in the movies or reads about in fiction. Unfortunately, such entertainment carries her only up to the proposal or the wedding day, and she isn't prepared when her own marriage loses its golden gloss.

The woman who is unhappy in marriage looks for pegs on which to hang her dissatisfaction. She can't even consider the possibility that she might be at fault. So she looks for fault in her husband. One of the handiest pegs is to nag him about money matters.

A woman with a sense of inferiority will almost always nag her husband about money. This sense of inferiority is an indication of her maladjustments to life, a reflection of her failure to attain success before marriage, and her feeling of inadequacy after marriage. So she nags for more money. ("Can't you get a better job?" "Why can't you increase my allowance?")

Ill-health, when genuine, is the one readily understandable cause of nagging. Many women save up their nagging, then have a field day. When feeling "out of sorts," the nagging wife believes she has a perfect right to get a few things off her mind.—"Magazine Digest."

## NOW, WAS THAT SPORTING?

AMONG the Allied officers who endured the hunger and heat and monotony of the Japanese prison camp at Kanchanburi, Siam, were a number of English regulars who had been attached to the British Indian Army. Some were of the "Colonel Blimp" type; their adherence to traditional customs made them seem like creatures of another world, wholly out of touch with the brutal realism of life in the camp. You have read about such men, but even while living with them day after day, you found it hard to believe that they were real.

Everybody in camp had to work, but those over forty-five and the higher-ranking officers were let off with occasional wood carrying or were set to killing the flies, which were an unbearable and unsanitary nuisance. One day two of those old-school Englishmen were assigned to dispatching flies around the kitchen.

Armed with bamboo swatters, the huntsmen sat down where the flies seemed thickest and placed on their

knees some discarded scraps of meat skin to attract their game.

After they had flailed away for a while, Colonel A called across to Colonel B, "I say, how many of the beggars have you put away so far?"

"Fifty-two," said Colonel B, making another lunge.

Colonel A, who fancied himself as a shot with any kind of sporting weapon, was abashed, for he himself had slain one three flies. So he stalked over to his rival's shooting box and stood there studying his technique. Suddenly the monstrous truth dawned on him.

"By gad, sir," he thundered, "no wonder you're bringing off a blooming slaughter! I take them in flight; you catch them sitting!"—W. Brand in "The Saturday Evening Post."

TO relieve women workers of household duties, Jeremiah Ambler Ltd., Bradford woollen firm, run an automatic laundry to wash and dry clothes on Mondays while the women are at work.



**THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT**  
**Klippert Ties**  
**PURE SILK OR PURE WOOL**



# Animals Bombed at Bikini

How many animals are still alive? Did they suffer unexpected diseases? Can science cure them? Sidney M. Katz, first journalist to visit Bethesda, answered these questions on a C.B.C. broadcast.

WHAT has happened to the animals who survived the Bikini explosion eight months ago? I visited them recently at the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, and came away with a vivid and horrible picture of the destructive powers of atomic rays.

As you may recall, 3,700 rats, goats, and pigs were stationed on the target ships last July. To-day, almost eight months later, the animals are still dying of the strange illnesses caused by radiation. Of the original 3,700, 2,700 are dead, including those killed for study.

At Bethesda, which is 14 miles from Washington, Navy doctors keep the animals under observation 24 hours a day, hoping to discover some way of counteracting the life-consuming rays.

One of the awesome features of radiation sickness is that it often

strikes a long time after exposure to the rays. Rat L-127 came through the Bikini test unscathed. Scientists who examined him observed that he was normal in every respect—he ate well and was alert and energetic. Several weeks later, the animal started showing the dreaded symptoms of radiation sickness. He became irritable and restless. His appetite disappeared and he slept excessively. Then, after languishing for three weeks in a weakened condition, he quietly passed away.

Can anything be done to keep the animals alive? I put this question to Captain R. H. Draeger, officer-in-charge of the Atomic Energy Medical Group at Bethesda. "As yet," said Capt. Draeger, "there is no way known by which we can attack the direct results of harmful radiation."

Some temporary benefits have been noticed after the liberal use of penicillin and blood transfusions. Unfortunately, however, as soon as this expensive treatment is stopped, the afflicted animal perishes.

Of all living things, insects stand up best when exposed to destructive radiation. They can evidently take 20 to 40 more times the amount of radiation than a human being can.

"Even rats are more resistant to the gamma rays than humans," says Captain Draeger. "We show about the same ability to survive as do pigs and goats."

The report will tell us that an atomic bomb exploding on the surface of the water is much more dangerous than one which goes off in the air. During my visit, it was hardly possible to find an animal that survived Test Baker. The surface explosion was so effective that all the pigs used in the test died, and all the rats are either dead or dying.

If the mother is already pregnant, it is unlikely that she will give birth to a live offspring. Of all the animals at Bikini, only a few have successfully produced

young. Although nature, in her wisdom, has placed the embryo for protection, deep within the mother's body, piercing atomic rays easily find their way to it to do their deadly task.

Naval scientists are watching carefully the few Bikini litters that have been born. They know that radiation has a marked effect on hereditary characteristics, and they will not be surprised if the young develop along abnormal lines.

Thus, it can be seen that an atomic bomb can wipe out thousands of living people at one stroke and condemn to death future generations before they are born.

It is little wonder that the naval scientists compiling data on the fate of the Bikini animals sometimes refer to atomic radiation as the "breath of death." — "Magazine Digest."



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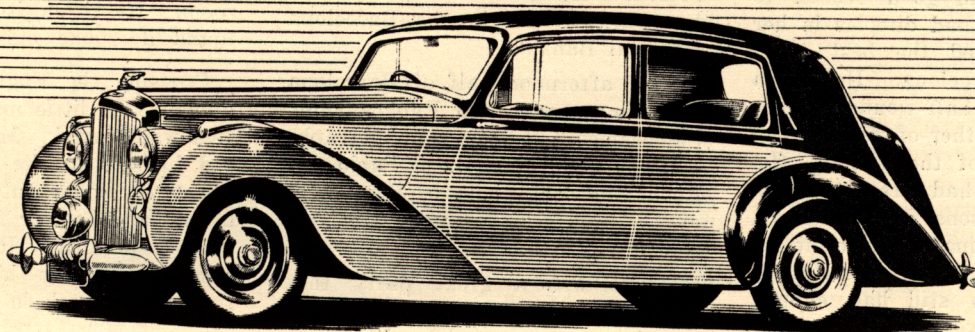
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# MISFORTUNE'S FAVOURITE

(By Billy Rose in "Digest of World Reading.")

PABLO RODRIGUEZ finished half-soling the lady's shoe, and spat out a mouthful of tacks so he could take the high note at the end of the Toreador song.

"Bravo, bravo," cried Rosa, the round one. "There is not a better baritone mending shoes in Barcelona."

Pablo bowed from the waist, and, as he straightened, neatly swept up the wine jug which stood by his bench.

And Pablo had good reason to sing. His Rosa had dimples in her elbows and baked the best arroz con pollo in Barcelona. He had a Sunday suit, a half-wound phonograph, and a mother-of-pearl frame for the picture of the Virgin. His daughter, Tina, had presented him with two grandsons in two years, and seemed willing to make it an annual event. And with all these treasures, Pablo still had enough left over to invest an occasional peseta on a cockfight or a lottery ticket.

As Pablo set down the wine jug and picked up another shoe, the little bell over the door tinkled. Then a uniformed messenger entered the shop, followed by half a dozen curious children. "Telegram for Pablo Rodriguez," said the messenger.

Pablo opened the yellow envelope. "You read it," he said to the man. "I'm afraid."

The messenger read: "Congratulations. You have won the Irish sweepstakes. Thirty-seven thousand pounds sterling are being deposited to your account in the Barcelona National Bank."

That afternoon half of Barcelona tried to squeeze into Pablo's shop. Cameramen and newsreel photographers took close-up shots of Pablo and Rosa, and long shots of the Street of the Doves. The neighbourhood declared a holiday.

There was a great party that night. Ricardo, the wine merchant, was happy to extend credit to so illustrious and solvent a man. The mayor made a speech. . . .

At midnight Pablo sang Figaro while standing on his head. He had bought the big Heredia house for his daughter, donated a thousand pounds to the church's Poor Fund, and promised magnificent gifts to friends and relatives, including some he had met for the first time this evening. His shop he presented to Manuel, the boot-black.

## Cousin Departed.

It was almost morning when the last cousin departed. As Rosa combed out her hair, she asked timidly, "Pablito, do you think I could have a lace mantilla?"

Pablo laughed and slapped her low on the back. "You shall have ten lace mantillas, and fine people all over the world will say, 'There goes the wife of Pablo Rodriguez!'"

Pablo and Rosa went first to Madrid. Pablo wore a new black suit such as rich people get buried in. He was proud of his patent leather shoes, though they came to a point and pinched him a little. At the hotel, the bellboy showed him to

his room, and held out his hand. Pablo shook it, and the boy snickered.

In Paris the cobbler had trouble in the restaurants. There were too many knives and forks. Rosa was embarrassed when the flaming crepes Suzette were brought in and Pablo poured a pitcher of water on them.

When Pablo crossed the Champs Elysees against the lights, a gendarme swore at him. The shoemaker was almost grateful. The gendarme was the only person except Rosa who had spoken to him that week. Because he was lonely, Pablo bought a little radio and took it to his hotel room. He threw it away when he found it spoke only French.

Crossing the English Channel to London, the little man from Barcelona was seasick. Midway, he dragged himself to the rail and threw his tight boots into the Channel. In England he saw fog for the first time in his life. It got inside his bones and gave him the sniffles. During the week in London, he sat

*Continued next Column.*



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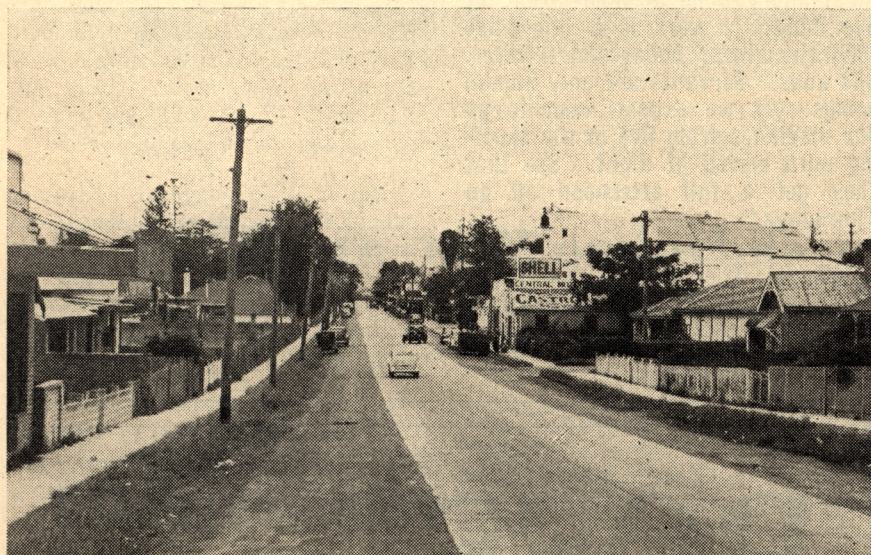
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in his room at the Dorchester, his feet in a pan of hot water. In Vienna, Rosa asked to be directed to the Franz Joseph Palace, and was arrested for accosting a man on the street.

In Budapest the shoemaker really got into trouble. For it was there, in the Arizona Cafe, that Pablo tasted cognac for the first time. He liked it fine. And an hour later he was hustled out for standing on a table and singing the Duke's song from Rigoletto. Outside the cafe he saw an unattended hansom cab, climbed aboard, whipped up the horse and drove off.



*Richmond is one of Sydney's near-country towns famed for its fertility of soil and aerodrome. Situate about 40 miles from Sydney on a tributary of the Hawkesbury River its main street is always traffic laden on week-ends with sightseers. It is also the last stepping stone to the Blue Mountains via Kurradjong and Bell.*

As accurately as the police could later piece it together, Pablo and his cab turned over a flower cart, side-swiped a hearse, bowled over a street sweeper, and pin-wheeled through the front of a sidewalk cafe.

Fortunately, as the prefect of police noted, the crazy Spaniard rendered himself unconscious and incapable of further damage.

When Pablo came to, a little lawyer with goatee and brief case was in the cell with him.

"I am your friend," he assured Pablo. "You are in serious trouble. They may hang you. How much money do you have?"

"About twelve thousand pounds."

"Sign this paper," said the lawyer.

A few days later Rosa had to pawn her earrings for a pair of

third-class tickets back to Barcelona.

Remembering how generous he had been when rich, his friends and relatives in Barcelona greeted Pablo affectionately. When he told them what had happened, they contributed a few pesetas apiece and bought back his shop from Manuel the bootblack.

A week later the baker on the Street of the Doves nudged his wife and smiled. "Listen to the shoemaker. He's in good voice again."

But the law of averages wasn't through with Pablo.

One morning some months later,

the uniformed messenger again walked into Pablo's shop, carrying a telegram which he opened and read immediately. "Congratulations. You have won the Irish Sweepstakes. Thirty-seven thousand—"

Pablo didn't let him finish. "It's a mistake!" he shouted. "I didn't buy a ticket this year."

"The telegram is for Senora Rodriguez," said the messenger.

Pablo ran to the bedroom and shook his wife awake. "Rosa," he cried. "Did you buy a sweepstakes ticket this year?"

"Yes, Pablo," mumbled his wife sleepily.

The shoemaker sat on the edge of the bed and put his head in his hands. "Madre mia," he sighed hopelessly. "Now I have to go through this all over again!"

## In Praise of Pink

**O**F all the middle things that have gone temporarily out of fashion, none has lost more ground than the middle way of moderation.

Pink, which is the colour of moderation, is derided as a weak dilution of red. Ever since I crossed the frontier of youth into despised middle age, I confess I have been a devotee of pink. More than once I have pointed out that there must be some significance in the fact that human beings have for generations used the phrase "the pink of perfection," whereas no one would dream of speaking of "the blue of perfection" or of "the red of perfection."

Pink again, in the temperate (or moderate) zones, is generally accepted as the colour of perfect health, so that strong men commonly sign themselves "Yours in the pink," but never "Yours in the blues."

When men sought for a worthy name for one of the most fragrant of the flowers, did they not call it "pink," even though the flower was white?

As for the pink or moderate man, it is difficult to define him exactly. All that we can say of a man who is moderate at table, for instance, is that he neither guzzles like a glutton nor nibbles like a dyspepsia-haunted starveling.—Robert Lynd, in the "News Chronicle."

**M**ORE than 1,000,000 racing pigeons are bred by the fancy in Great Britain every year—and in Belgium the total is probably more.

Which goes to show that the newly-formed International Federation—the pigeon fanciers' UNO—will be catering for a big public.

Delegates from eight European nations attended the recent "Racing Pigeon" show and golden jubilee dinner. The Poles were invited, but they couldn't fly over the iron curtain. At least, they were refused passports.

Escape note—Pigeon belonging to H. Durrant, of Redruth, flew down a 2,000 ft. shaft at Wyllie Colliery, South Wales, when two cages were working. It missed them both, landed safely with only a slight cut.



# THOSE VERY "NAUGHTY NINETIES!"

Oldtimers tell us of the "Naughty Nineties." The following pars are culled from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of 1897, and give moderns a pen picture of what was going on.

**I**N May, 1897, imaginations were stirred by the chess match played by telegraph between our House of Representatives and the British House of Commons. Oscar Wilde was released from prison, and Cambridge University voted to refuse degrees to women. Twenty were killed when a tally-ho coach hit a Long Island train! and Harry Truman became a teen-ager.

\* \* \*

In the May, 1897, "Journal," Editor Bok takes men to task for spitting. "The sidewalk in front of the rural general store or post office is made almost impassable to woman by this offence. She cannot keep her skirts constantly free of the sidewalk . . . yet this dangerous and filthy practice is allowed to go on without any attempt to check it."

"Family portraits should not be hung in the dining room," rules homemaking expert Sarah Tyson Rorer, who fails to give a reason.

\* \* \*

"Stella: When it is necessary for a girl of seventeen to pay long visits to a dentist's office, she should be accompanied by her mother."

\* \* \*

"Where one servant is kept and the laundry done at home, four or five dollars a week is a fair price for trained help," believes Mrs. Rorer. She adds, "Servants are only human beings, yet we expect them to go like machines from five in the morning until eleven at night. See that they get a full afternoon off on Thursdays."

\* \* \*

"Bonnie: It is not in good taste, nor even proper, for young ladies to go alone to a hotel to dine with men."

"Elizabeth: Sometimes in the country a gentleman might smoke while with his wife, sister or daughter, provided she does not object, but no well-bred man would smoke while on the streets of a city with a lady."

\* \* \*

In April, 1897, war was declared between Turkey and Greece. Charles Dana Gibson was sketching scenes from London society, and in Vienna Johannes Brahms was laid to rest beside Beethoven and Schubert. The current song hit was Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay; St. Louis built a billiard hall for women.

\* \* \*

"From six to eight thousand people shake hands with the President," Benjamin Harrison describes a White House reception in the April, 1897, "Journal," "and with his wife if she is able to endure the ordeal."

\* \* \*

Editor Bok suggests a training school for domestics as the answer to Women's Most Vexing Problem. "I wish that we would stop this clamour for higher education," he writes, "and devote more attention to lower education."

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*This picture, issued by the Government Tourist Bureau, gives an idea of a little known industry to dwellers of the metropolis. It shows peas being harvested at Yanco on the irrigation area for delivery to local canneries.*

## Why Worth is Worthwhile

**Q**UITE the most interesting development that grew out of the short-story course I taught last Spring at a university was the demonstration of an appalling lack of simple ethics and moral probity on the part of the younger generation. Not that these young writers lied, stole, cheated or misbehaved; but, by George, their characters did, with the apparent admiration of the authors.

Often I found myself in the odd position of having to criticise the weird amorality of the writers rather than their technical deficiencies as storytellers.

The young people of to-day do not seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

Now, as a reader of fiction, you may well question what business it was of mine how these fiction characters of my students behaved, as long as the story was a good one. And yet the fact remains that ethical considerations do enter into the teaching or criticism of writing. When a young writer consciously sets out to portray a heel, a crook or a cheat with intent to hold the mirror up to life, I am the first to say, "Go to it, kids. There are all

kinds of people, and they are all there to be written about."

But when they come up with the story of a male louse, or a sexually promiscuous lassie, and obviously do not know that these are wrong people and, in their writing, treat them as legitimate heroes or heroines, that is where I must pull up and inquire, "Hey, ain't you had no bringing up?" And I will be pardoned if, after criticising the story's literary failings, I spare a moment to wonder what kind of family the writer will create in the years to come.

I am the first to make rude noises when sourpusses point accusing fingers as the younger generation has its fling. But I must likewise believe that a society which abandons all ethical principles, which fails to distinguish between black and white, right and wrong, honour and cheating, loyalty and disloyalty, decency and indecency, is headed for catastrophe. Unless there is an ethical and spiritual renaissance of the good, the great and the dignified that live in man, we will all be back in the primal slime from which we came. The atom blast won't get here a minute too soon.—Paul Gallico in "Esquire."

## Lightships De-Luxe

**T**HE most up-to-date lightships in the world—"luxury" lightships in fact—will soon be flashing a welcome to shipping around the sea-channels of Britain.

In a Dartmouth shipyard a plan involving a new series of lightships is being put into operation as part of a reconstruction programme by the corporation of Trinity House.

Five of the new lightships are complete, at least another four are being built. They are destined to replace vessels which have been "on-station" throughout the war and others which were machine-gunned or bombed.

In these ships the lightship-men on their lonely vigils will find a new standard of comfort, undreamt of a few years ago.

Two-berth cabins will be centrally heated, there will be hot and cold running water and shower baths. For the first time in a lightvessel an electric refrigerator will be in the cook's galley.

Electric amplifiers are being fitted which can boom out the spoken word so that it can be heard a mile away. Radio telephones are fitted for life-saving purposes and the application of radar sets is being considered.

Britain is also leading the world not only in the construction of lightvessels, but also lighthouse equipment.

Orders are pouring in from a variety of countries. The Yugo-Slavs recently placed an order worth £100,000 for light equipment for the Dalmatian coast and nearly all electrically operated apparatus for lighthouses on the Norwegian coastline is being made in Britain.

Some of this equipment produces lights of more than 10,000,000 candle-power.

**T**HRIVING at the home of M. de Beaumont at Marlborough, Wilts, is an Arab colt foal who owes its life to a goat with maternal instincts.

The colt's mother was too ill to feed it at birth, but the goat took over as foster-mother, jumping on a bale of straw to make the job easy.

The mare recovered, assumed her proper duties—and all three remain the best of friends.



# How They Live in Alaska

Condensation by "The Reader's Digest" from the book, "Home Country," by Ernie Pyle, who was killed by Japanese machine-gun fire on the island of Ie, near Okinawa, while serving with the U.S. forces as a war-correspondent.

AT Fort Yukon, Alaska, I met a remarkable woman. Nine years before, her world had come to an end in that mosquito-infested village; she had had more than she could take. Two of her boys had just been buried—mysteriously drowned in the Yukon. Her husband had deserted the family. Everything was on her shoulders, and they had grown too weary under the burden. It was time to quit. Nobody cared anyhow.

She led her four children down to the riverbank. "Come on, let's go for a little ride in the canoe," she said. It would be easy. Over the side with them, and herself over last. You live only a minute in the Yukon River; the cold water stops your heart.

They were ready to step into the boat when an old man with long whiskers came and tapped the woman on the shoulder. "Come walk up to my cabin," he said. "I want to talk to you." She barely knew the man, but she went. And the man said, "I know you don't want to go on to charity. You can make a living on the trapline. It won't be easy,

but you can support yourself and the children."

So Mrs. Maud Berglund turned trapper. She bundled her four children into a gasoline boat, and the old man went with them. For two week they chugged up the Porcupine and its tributaries. The baby died on the way. They buried him, and went on. They didn't stop until they were 280 miles beyond Fort Yukon, which is itself north of the Arctic Circle. Then they camped and built a log house.

When I met them, the three little girls were young women. They were still trapping.

Only nine times in nine years had Mrs. Maud Berglund and her daughters been back to the "metropolis" of Fort Yukon. Eleven months of the year they lived alone among snow and wolves and moose and mountains. Just after the spring ice-break they would come down river with their winter's catch of furs, sell them, and return with a year's supply of staples.

The round trip, allowing for two weeks' stay in Fort Yukon, took just a month. They made the trip to Fort Yukon in two open motorboats, with a small scow that they pushed ahead of them. They had to bring their 22 Husky dogs with them, for nobody lived in Berglundville but themselves.

Mrs. Berglund was a handsome grey-haired woman—fine of feature, refined of speech, easy and gentle in her manner. The rough life seemed not to have touched her personality at all. But her three daughters were children of nature. They were deeply tanned; their hands showed hard work; their shoulders and legs were strong like a man's.

The youngest had been carried over the trap line by dog sled for two years before she was big enough to make it herself. All their education was given them by their mother. They know no life but that of the trapper. They had never been south of Fort Yukon—never seen a village with real streets or brick buildings. They had never drunk or smoked, or danced or played cards. They didn't

## Racing Fixtures

### APRIL.

City Tattersall's Club	..... SAT. 10
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	..... SAT. 17
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	..... SAT. 24
Australian Jockey Club	..... MON. 26

### MAY.

S.T.C. (Rosehill)	..... SAT. 1
Tattersall's Club	..... SAT. 8

know much about men. But they had to shoot only once at a running moose, and they could freeze their feet without crying.

Their hobby, their amusement, their recreation, their joy were all in one thing: their dog teams. Each girl had her own team, her own sled, her own rifles. They would talk dog to you until yere were black in the face. They loved their dogs above all else.

Every year they picked and canned berries and wild fruit. And they caught salmon with a fish wheel, and dried it and stored it for winter feed for the dogs. When the fall freeze-up came they cut ice from the river and stored it in the ice well. They would kill a moose apiece and fry the steaks and then freeze them.

In the late fall, when the snow was on and the season opened, they started their real winter's work—five months of lonely running of trap lines. They had more than 200 miles of lines, and 400 traps.

"How do you kill the trapped animals that aren't already dead?" I asked Mrs. Berglund.

"We have to shoot the wolves, lynx and wolverine," she said. "The others are smaller, and we rap them on the head with a club."

But killing the marten got under Mrs. Berglund's skin. "They cross their little paws above their heads, and look up at you so pitifully, it's all I can do to hit one of them," she said. "When I first went up, I said I was going to save pelts and have myself a fine marten coat. But I don't want one now."

The Berglunds never went out unarmed, yet they had never been injured by a wild animal. Wolves had never bothered them, though they had had narrow escapes from charging moose. All four of them seemed to be in awe of a moose's killing powers.

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# **TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY**

## **May Race Meeting**

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

**SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1948**

*Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.*

### **NOVICE HANDICAP**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,200 added, to be divided into two divisions if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each division. Should the number of acceptors be less than 28, the Committee reserves to itself the right to run the race in one division and to reduce the added money to £600, second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden horse excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **ONE MILE.**

### **TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP**

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings at time of starting.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

### **JUVENILE STAKES**

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies at time of starting.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140 and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

### **FLYING HANDICAP**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **SIX FURLONGS.**

### **THE JAMES BARNES PLATE**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,250 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

### **WELTER HANDICAP**

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

**Entries close before 3 p.m. on TUESDAY, APRIL 27th, 1948**

**WEIGHTS** to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 3rd May, 1948.

**PENALTIES.**—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

**ACCEPTANCES** for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

M. D. J. DAWSON, Acting Secretary